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NOVEMBER

No. 41

The
OWL

CYCLONE
and MIDGE

ELLERY
QUEEN

THE
CRUSOES

AND MANY OTHERS



F. THOMAS

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CONTEST CLOSES
NOVEMBER 14, 1941

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My favorite features in this magazine are:

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
4. _____ 5. _____

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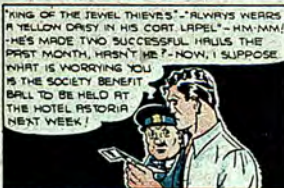
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City _____
State _____

THE OWL

In
AFFAIRS
TERRY'S.



THE OWL



-WE GOTTA GIVE 'EM POLICE PROTECTION - AN' PLENTY!! - NOW, HERE'S THE FLOOR PLANS OF THE HOTEL ASTORIA - I FIGGER IF WE PLANT TEN MEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR - HERE, AN' HERE, AN' HERE, AN' HERE, AN'

LEAVING NICK AND THE CHIEF MULLING OVER THEIR PLANS, WE HUSTLE DOWN TO A RIVER-FRONT SECTION OF THE CITY'S LOWER EAST SIDE AS A LONG BLUE LIMOUSINE, WITH SHADES DRAWN, PULLS TO THE CURB!

GOOD MORNING, DAISY DAN - COME RIGHT IN!!

HELLO, PROFESSOR!





DID YOU COMPLETE YOUR UNDERTAKING, PROFESSOR WITZ?

AH, YES!—AND IT'S BEAUTIFULLY DONE — BEAUTIFULLY!



YES, DASY DAN, A BEAUTIFUL JOB — YOUR OWN MOTHER COULD NOT TELL YOU APART!



CHEE, DASY— DON'T SAY 'AIN'T IT A RINGER?

IT IS A REMARKABLE LIKENESS, PROFESSOR!



YOU DID NOT QUITE CATCH THE LOFTY EXPRESSION OF MY EYES, PROFESSOR—BUT ALL IN ALL, IT IS WELL DONE!

CHEE!—IT'S ROXHERLY SPOOKY!



NOW, SHIP THE WAX FIGURE IMMEDIATELY TO DENVER—MY MAN THERE WILL BE WAITING FOR IT!—WHEREUPON, HE WILL PLACE IT IN A LIFE-LIKE POSITION ON THE REAR SEAT OF HIS AUTO AND DRIVE WESTWARD TO SAN FRANCISCO!



—AN' EN PEOPLE WILL SEE IT AN' THINK IT'S YOU AN' POLICE WILL SPREAD THE ALARM THAT YOU'RE IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY AN' THE COPS HERE WILL BITE ON THE STORY!—AIN'T DAT IT?

PLEASE DON'T SAY 'AIN'T DAT', JOE!



PRECISELY!—THEY WILL NOT EXPECT ME TO BE HERE IN THE HOTEL ASTORIA BALL AND WILL RELAX THEIR VIGILANCE ACCORDINGLY—AND ACCORDINGLY WE WILL REAP A LARGE HARVEST!!

THE OWL



IS THE DATE OF THE ASTORIA BALL NEARS, POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS GROW TENSE !!

NOW WE'LL GO OVER THESE HOTEL PLANS ONCE MORE!



CHIEF! -A TELE-GRAM FROM DENVER POLICE! -DAPPER DAISY DAN WAS SPOTTED OUT WEST !!



"REPORTED SEEN AT TWO POINTS - SPEEDING WESTWARD IN A BLUE SEDAN"

NICK! -WHAT DO YOU THINK?



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AN EXCITED CHIEF ARRIVES AT NICK'S APARTMENT !!



-AN' HERE - I GOT A DENVER NEWSPAPER WITH THE DETAILS! - DAISY DAN MUST BE HEARDIN' FOR THE COAST! - THE STATE TROOPERS ARE CLOSIN' IN ON HIM FAST!



-BUT YOU'RE STILL GOING TO SEND THAT SPECIAL SQUAD TO THE HOTEL ASTORIA BALL TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

NAW! -WHAT FOR?? -A COUPLE MEN TO WATCH THE HOTEL LOBBY WILL BE ALL WE NEED NOW!



THE OWL

HMM-M- OKAY, CHIEF, I'LL SEE YOU LATER-
-HELLO- DAILY EAGLE?- GIVE ME
BELLE WAYNE IN THE CITY
ROOM!
S'LONG NICK!

NICK!-I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO CALL YOU-
-DID THEY GET
DAISY DAN?

NO-! LISTEN, DO YOU
HAVE TO COVER THE
ASTORIA BALL TONIGHT
FOR YOUR PAPER?
-NO?- FINE!- COME UP
HERE FOR DINNER
AND BRING
YOUR COSTUME
-WE'RE GOING
OVER TO THE
ASTORIA!

SO TO THINK
MIST' TERRY
WILL WANT
OWL CLOTHES
PRESSY OUT
TONIGHT,
ISSY SO?

ISSY SO, YOU EAVESDROPPER!
- ALSO HAVE THE OWLCRAFT
READY FOR
USE!

LATE EVENING FINOS FESTIVITIES IN THE
HOTEL ASTORIA BALLROOM WELL ALONG

AND AS THE CHIMES
OF MIDNIGHT RING OUT
OVER THE CITY- A TALL
COWLED FIGURE STRIDES
THE HOTEL ROOF!!

BELOW, ON THE RIVER,
BELLE WAITS IN THE
TRIM OWLCRAFT!!

NICK DIDN'T SAY
WHAT WAS IN HIS
MIND- MAYBE HE -
- HM-MM - THERE'S
A POWER BOAT
DOCKING UP
AHEAD!

IF ANYBODY DOES
TRY ANY MONKEY
BUSINESS TONIGHT,
THEY'LL COME THE
SAME WAY I DID- UP
THROUGH THAT VACANT
BUILDING NEXT DOOR
AND OVER THE ROOF-
TOPS - HSS-ST! - SOME-
ONE IS COMING!

NOT A COP IN-SIGHT!
- WITZ'S WAX DUMMY
SURE DID THE TRICK
- EH, DAISY DAN?

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT
DAISY DAN WILL PASS
UP THIS BEJEWELED SHNOG!
- HE MAY HAVE GONE WEST,
BUT I'LL GAMBLE
SOME OF HIS
GANG WILL
BE HERE!

SUPERBLY!



THE OWL



THE OWL



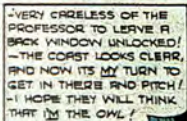
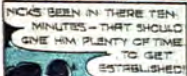
MEANWHILE, THE WOULD-BE JEWEL THIEF'S RETURN TO THE MUSEUM EMPTY HANDED.



THE OWL



THE OWL



THE OWL

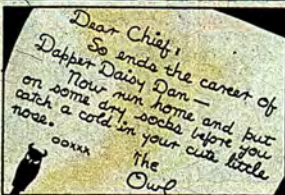


THE OWL

AND THE CHIEF DOES ARRIVE—AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE, ACCOMPANIED BY ROOKIE PATROLMAN DOZEY O'TOOLE //



THE OWL



CYCLONE

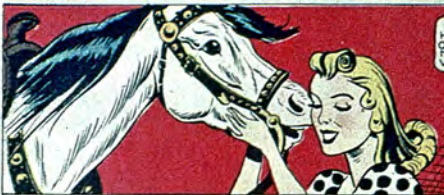


STEADILY THE SHIP BEARING CYCLONE AND HIS FRIENDS NEARS THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

HOW DO YOU GET THAT TOUGH CAPTAIN TO LET MY CALICO HOSS UP ON DECK, SANDY?

I SUSPECT BRIBERY! SANDY'S SMILE WOULD PERSUADE A PIRATE!

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH FROM YOU SUN-DOLLERS! GIVE ME A KISS, CALICO!



THANKS, CALICO HOSS! YOU'RE THE ONE I'M GOING TO MISS MOST WHEN WE LEAVE THE SHIP!

THAT'S RIGHT, SANDY! WE'LL BE PARTING COMPANY WHEN THE SHIP DOCKS AT ANTOFAGASTA. YOU'LL BE TAKING ANOTHER BOAT FOR THE U.S.A.

AND YOU AND MOOSE WILL BE LOOKING FOR A JOB IN SOUTH AMERICA... ENVIY YOU, CYCLONE!



I-I HAVE AN IDEA! AND WHAT AN IDEA!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



WE'VE TRAVELED FIVEMILES IN THE LAST HOUR--IF THE TRAIN SLOWS ANY MORE I'LL GET OUT AND PUSH!

DON'T TAKE ON MORE THAN YOU CAN HANDLE!



WHAT'LL WE DO WHEN WE GET TO THE TOP?

GO DOWN AGAIN, MIDGE--IT'S THE LAW OF NATURE!

HOOR AFTER HOOR THE TINY TRAIN WINDS AMONG SNOWY PEAKS.



THE BRAKEMAN SAID THIS PLACE WAS CHUQUISACA--AND THAT'S WHERE MCCARTHY SAID TO GET OFF.

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE--THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SOUTH POLE TO ME.

THE NEXT MORNING CYCLONE AND MIDGE LEAVE THE TRAIN AT A SNOW COVERED SIDING.



LOOK MIDGE--THAT'S A HOT STEAMING JUNGLE BELOW US!

AND ONLY THIS MORNING WE WERE KNEE DEEP IN SNOW!

IN A FEW HOURS THE PARTNERS DESCEND INTO A TROPICAL VALLEY.



BOY! WHAT A CRAZY COUNTRY--FIRST YOU FREEZE AND THEN YOU BROIL IN A FOREST OF RUBBER TREES!

THAT'S BOLINA FOR YOU--THE NEXT THING WE KNOW WE'LL BE OUT ON THE OPEN PLAINS.



THOSE HUTS MUST BE THE NATIVE VILLAGE THEY CALL ITAQUE. WE'LL ASK THE NATIVES HOW TO GET TO MCCARTHY'S RANCHO.

I DON'T SEE ANY NATIVES!



NOBODY HOPE THEY MUST HAVE HEARD US COMING AND SKIPPED!

THEN WE'D BETTER WATCH OUT--A SCARED SAVAGE IS DANGEROUS!

CYCLONE



CYCLONE

A REAL DINNER, MOGE!
THIS IS THE FIRST REAL
FOOD I'VE HAD SINCE
WE LEFT THE SHIP!

IT'LL BE THE
LAST IF YOU
OVER-EAT
AND DIE OF
INDIGESTION



THE AWED
NATIVE S HONOR
THE WHITE MEN WITH A
JUNGLE BANQUET.

YIPPEE! IF THOSE
INJUNS ARE RIGHT
WE'RE ONLY A FEW
MILES FROM RANCHO
DEL RIO!

YEAH, WE
OUGHT TO HAVE
IT BEFORE
DARK.



WE MUST BE GETTING
NEAR MCCARTHY'S
RANCH. SAY! DO YOU
HEAR THOSE SHOTS
GUDGEY?

YES! THEY
SOUND LIKE
A PITCHED
BATTLE!



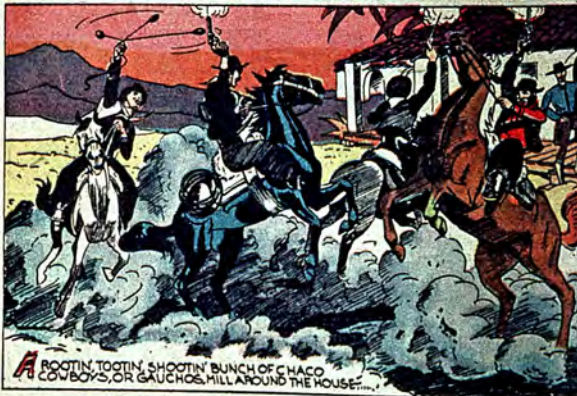
MAYBE THE RUSTLERS ARE RAIDING
MCCARTHY'S BEEF
HERD!

THAT WOULD TICKLE
YOU, WOULDN'T IT--?
YOU CRAZY TROUBL
HUNTER!



IT CAN'T BE A RAID--
THEY'RE FIRING INTO
THE AIR!

THERE'S THE MOB
OF RANCHO
GAUCHOS!



A ROOTIN', TOOTIN', SHOOTIN' BUNCH OF CHACO
COWBOYS, OR GAUCHOS, MILL AROUND THE HOUSE.

CYCLONE

LOOKS LIKE A CELEBRATION OF SOME SORT--PERHAPS THE RUSTLERS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE PLACE. LOCK STOCK AND BARRELL!



I'M GOING DOWN THERE AND FIND OUT!

G-GO SLOWER YOU F-FOOL! OR WE'LL LAND BOTTOM SIDE UP!



SEE THAT BIG GAUCHO RIDING DOWN THE CLIFF TRAIL--HE'LL BREAK HIS NECK!

WHY--THAT ISN'T A GAUCHO! IT'S CYCLONE AND MIDGE!



ON THE RANCH PORCH SANDY WATER AND HER UNCLE SPOT CYCLONE APPROACH!

OUT OF THE WAY, HOMERESY! I'VE GOT BUSINESS WITH YOUR BOSS!

CHANDON! QUINTELS!



SANDY WATERS! HOW DID YOU GET HERE AHEAD OF US?

BY AIRPLANE, COWBOY!



HOW COME YOU'RE NOT ON YOUR WAY TO YOUR AUNT MARTHA'S IN IOWA? I HAVE A FEELING YOU PULLED A FAST ONE ON US SANDY!

YEAH--MAYBE YOU FIRED OUR JOBS AND EVERY THING WITH YOUR UNCLE BEFORE OUR SHIP DOCKED--YOU COULD HAVE RADIOED!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS-- I PLEAD GUILTY. I DID FIX THINGS UP WITH UNCLE MARVEL--BECAUSE I JUST WANTED THE IDEA OF SAYING GOODBYE TO YOU!

AND MY OFFER STILL HOLDS-- I NEED YOUR HELP TO SAVE MY RANCH FROM THE WORST GANG OF RUSTLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA!



CONTINUED

JUNIOR POLICE

Young Billy Fletcher proudly polished his badge with the back of his hand and surveyed himself critically in the mirror.

"My! Aren't you the one?" his mother exclaimed, catching him by surprise. "Since you've been made a member of the Junior Safety Patrol you're as proud as a peacock."

"Well, I am proud, mom," he confessed. "It's not everybody who can qualify for the Junior Police, you know. It's a big responsibility watching over all those kids at the crossing and teaching the lesson of safety."

"I know it is, son," agreed the mother. "And I'm proud of you too. But I do hope you'll be careful, yourself."

Half an hour later, Billy was proudly performing his duty at the corner two blocks from the school. Carefully, he herded the chattering students in groups at the curbing and with his stop sign, he signaled for the traffic to halt periodically, so that the groups of boys and girls could cross the street in safety.

"Well, well, look who's playing that he's a cop!" came a harsh voice suddenly and Billy turned to look into the sneering face of Red Bush, one of the biggest and freshest boys in the school. "Are ya going to hold my hand while I cross the street, dearie?"

"No, but you'll have to wait till I give the signal, Red," announced Billy. "This is my first day on the job and those are the orders."

"Fat chance," sneered Red. "Maybe you think I ain't old enough to take care of myself. Maybe I oughta take you across. You're going to get hurt hanging around this corner, little boy. See you later."

Red took the hand of his little sister, Betty, who had been grinning up at Billy and started to cross the street.

"That's against the rules, Red," insisted Billy firmly, grabbing Red by the arm, "you're not supposed to cross the street until I give the signal. Otherwise I'll have to report you."

"Listen," growled Red, tearing his arm from Billy's grasp. "I'd just like to see you report

me. If you try to get me into trouble, I'll give you some more stars to go with that piece of tin on your shirt—but you won't be able to wear them."

With that, Red strode angrily across the street, with his little sister at his heels. Billy watched him, flushing angrily. Several of the other boys laughed rudely at Billy's discomfiture.

"Are ya going to report him, Billy?" asked one of them pointedly.

"Naw, he won't report him," scoffed another. "You heard what Red told him, didn't you? I'd hate to have Red sore at me. He can lick any fellow in the school."

Billy knew only too well that big Red could probably get the best of him but he had taken his appointment to the Junior Police with all sincerity. He couldn't very well break a rule the very first day. He would have to report Red before the day was over. Then, he thought, he could look forward to an unpleasant session with the bully the next time they met.

Billy was still thinking about his problem when it came time for him to leave school and take up his position before the noon time rush. The smaller children in the lower grades were dismissed a few minutes before the upper classes and it was important for the Junior Police to be on the job to protect them on the way home.

And thus it was that Billy was at his post when little Betty Bush, tiny sister of big Red, skipped along toward home. When she came to the crossing, Betty merely grinned at Billy and started to cross the street.

"Wait a minute, Betty," ordered Billy politely. "You have to wait till I give the signal. Then you can cross with the other kids."

"Oh, slush," chirped the little girl. "My big brother says I don't have to pay any attention to you. We know how to cross a street without your help, I guess. We're not babies."

And with that, little Betty ducked under the protecting arm of Billy and dashed into the street.

"Betty!" yelled Billy desperately. But it was too late. The little girl had eluded his grasp and when

Billy turned to apprehend her, he caught sight of an automobile bearing down on the little tot.

There was no time for warning, hardly time for Billy to think. With a superhuman effort, he dashed into the street behind the little girl and as the brakes screamed on the careening car, he gave little Betty a violent push that sent her hurtling from its path.

It was too late for Billy to save himself. There was a thud as the bumper struck Billy across the legs and the next moment, he was thrown, violently to the pavement, where he lay very still and white. A thin red trickle ran down one side of his head.



In a moment, an excited crowd had gathered, soon to be augmented by the older boys and girls from the school. Among them, of course, was big Red, who crowded his way to the front of the group which had formed a circle around the inert Billy.

"Why, it's young Fletcher," he blurted out. "Run down by a car—and he's supposed to be a Junior Police. Some guard—he can't even take care of himself."

"He saved a little girl," someone was saying. "Pushed her out of the way of the car first."

"Yeah," said someone else. "She'd have been killed if it hadn't been for him. She wouldn't listen to him and ran into the street. Wonder who she was?"

"Someone said it was Betty Bush," came another voice.

As the ambulance arrived to take Billy away, Red Bush turned from the crowd, his face white and ashen and his head hanging in shame. There, on the opposite corner, crying but unhurt, he found his sister Betty and took her home.

"I didn't see the car, Red," she whined. "It wouldn't have happened if I'd listened to him. Now, he's going to die maybe. And it's all our fault."

Red Bush couldn't eat his lunch that noon. He sat at the table pale and shaken. All the conversation was about the accident and how the brave Fletcher boy had risked his life to save his sister Betty.

"He can't die, ma!" burst out Red at last. "He can't die! If he does it's all my fault. I told Betty not to pay any attention to him. I thought all those kids were sissies. Gee, I didn't know how brave that kid could be. It's me that oughta be in the hospital."

"Red, if that's the way you feel about it," advised his father gravely, "you ought to go down to that hospital and let Billy Fletcher know about it. Maybe it might help him. And I hope, my boy, that this will be a good lesson to you, too."

Late that afternoon, Red Bush sat by the bed of Billy Fletcher. Billy had regained consciousness a short time before and now he looked up with a grim smile, his face still white and wan.

"Doctor says I'm gonna be all right, Red," he whispered. "Going to take a little while to get well, I guess, so you won't have to worry about me reporting you—not for a couple of weeks anyway."

"That's all taken care of," blurted out Red. "I reported myself at school this afternoon. They know it was all my fault, Billy. There's no use telling you I'm sorry now but I do want to thank you for what you did for my sister. I guess I was all wrong about you guys. I think you're a swell guy, Billy—the bravest guy I ever saw."

"That's nothing, Red," whispered Billy. "Any Junior Policeman would have done the same thing. You see, it's our duty to safeguard the lives of the others. I'm glad you understand that better now."

"I do all right," nodded Red, "and I'm going to understand better still. I've asked for a chance to get on the Junior Police myself—and they're going to let me try. I only hope I can be as good a one as you."



THE CRUSOES

AFTER THE FEAST THAT CELEBRATES THEIR NEW PEACE-AGREEMENT, THE SAUVAGES CROWD UP TO THE RANCH DOOR ASKING FOR GIFTS.



BAKSHISH! MAKKA BAKSHISH!

STAY BACK WAIKI YOU BELONG. YOU BLACK TRASH! WHEN DE WHITE FOLKS IS READY WID DE GIFTS, DEY'LL OPEN DE DOOR.



I DECLARE I CAN'T THINK WHAT TO GIVE THOSE SAUVAGES... WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH OF ANYTHING!

WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE SOMETHING TO THE CHIEF ANYWAY, MAE!

SHY, DAD, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



SEE! THERE ARE ENOUGH COINS IN THIS BOX FROM THE OLD WRECK TO GIVE EVERY NATIVE A FEW.

WHY NOT GIVE THEM BUTTONS INSTEAD?

BUTTONS ARE UNRELIABLE... BUT MONEY'S WORTH NOTHING TO US ON THIS ISLAND. WE'LL SCATTER THE WHOLE BOX AMONG THEM, PAUL.



HERE'S SOMETHING FOR THE CHIEF, JOHN... A BOLT OF BRIGHT CALICO!

FINE, MAE! THAT COLOR OUGHT TO MAKE A SAUVAGES' EYES SHINE!



WE'LL HAND OUT THE PRESENTS NOW... AND KEEP THESE GUYS BEHIND THE DOOR, JUST IN CASE... I DON'T ENTIRELY TRUST THAT CREW OUTSIDE!



THRE, CHIEF! THAT'S ENOUGH CLOTH TO MAKE YOU THE BEST-DRESSED MAN IN THE ISLANDS!

NOT DAWGZ! DAT SH' AM SCRUMPTIOUS CLOTH GOODS! AH DON' RECKON HIS WUMMIN-FOLKS WILL LET HIM KEEP IT LONG.

PAKA LOO PAH!

THE CRUSOES

WALL FLINGS HANDFULS OF COINS INTO THE MOB.

SCRAMBLE! EVERY-BODY GRAB WHAT HE CAN!

YI! YI! PAKA LOO!



WELL, FOLKS OUR GUESTS ARE LEAVING PEACEFULLY... AND I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY!

DEM'S MAH SENTIMENTS TOO, MISTUH CRUSOE!



BIG STORM COMING! WE GET BACK TO OUR OWN ISLAND QUICK!



MAYBE SOON WE COME BACK WITH MANY SPEARS AND TAKE MUCH WEALTH FROM THE WHITE STRANGERS!

MAYBE SO! SOME NIGHT WHEN WHITE PEOPLE CANNOT SEE TO SHOOT BLUNDER STICKS!



THE SAVAGES HAVE ALREADY LEFT WHEN THEY BEGAN PLANNING TREASON!

I'LL TAKE BIT AND BAM AND GO BACK TO THE TREE-HOUSE NOW, DAD... WE'VE GOT A LOT OF THINGS TO DO THERE.

ALL RIGHT, SON! WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU BY TELEPHONE.



SO LONG, DAD!... BYE APOH! WE'LL BE SEEKING YOU!



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES

THEY'RE COMING, BIFF! I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HALLOWEEN— SO THAT WE CAN SURPRISE THEM!

HEE! HEE! THEY GET BIG SURPRISE— SPECIALLY PETER AND ANDY!



YOU'VE PUT UP ENOUGH FOOD TO STOCK A BAKERY. WHE! I DIDN'T PAUL SAY HE AND THE BOYS WERE COOKING SUPPER FOR US?

HE DID. BUT I DON'T TRUST THEIR "NATIVE STEW." IT MIGHT BE MADE OF FROGS' LEGS FOR ALL I KNOW!

FRANK'S LEGS AIN'T HALF BAD WHEN DEYS COOKED PROPPH, MAM



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL EVENING FOR A RIDE! LET'S SING SOMETHING, JOHN!

ALL RIGHT, MAE! HOW ABOUT THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING!



MEANWHILE THE SAME MOON THAT LIGHTS THE CRUSOES' WAGON ROAD LOOKS DOWN ON A FLEET OF WAR CANOES APPROACHING THE ISLAND.



THIS IS THE SPOT... WHITE PEOPLE 'NOT SEE US LAND HERE!

THEY NOT SEE US UNTIL THEY FEEL SCRAH IN STOMACH!



WE CROSS ISLAND TO BIG HOUSE AND WAIT TILL LIGHTS GO OUT!

THEN WE GET MUCH RED CLOTH AND BRIGHT BUTTONS THAT GO CLANK-CLANK!



THE CRUSOES



QUIET!
SOMETHING COMING
DOWN WHITE MAN'S
TRAIL!



WAY DOWN
UPON DE
SWANEE
NVAH...

'EARS FAR
AWAY!

ALL UNSUSPECTING, THE CRUSOES
NEAR THE SAVAGES HIDING PLACE.



WE KILL
WHITE PEOPLE
NOW!

'NO! WE
FOLLOW...SEE
WHERE THEY
GO...THEN
KILL THEM!



WIKEN DE NIGHT AM FALLIN'... WHEN
DE SHADOWS CAER... DEN DEY COMES
ON TIP-TOE...

ANDY'S LUSTY SINGING
DROWNS OUT THE SHUFFLE OF SNAKE
FEET BEHIND THE WAGON.



THAT'S QUEER, JOHN...
THERE'S NO LIGHT IN THE
TREE HOUSE OR THE
STOCKADE!

IT IS STRANGE,
MAG... PAUL WAS
EXPECTING US!



HELLO, PAUL!...HERE
WE ARE! IS ANYBODY
HOME?

THEY DON'T
ANSWER... SOME-
THINGS HAPPENED
TO THEM!

THE CRUSOES



OH LANSY!
LOOK AT
DEM DEERE
FACES!

HURRAY! THEY'RE
JACK-O-LANTERNS!
THE BOYS ARE
JUST PLAYING
A TRICK
ON US!

I'D
FORGOTTEN...
TONIGHT IS
HALLOWEEN!



MARY
SEE THOSE
BRIGHT
EYES!

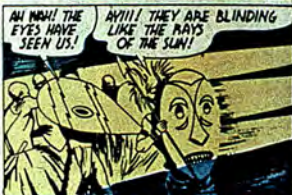
THEY'RE LIKE
SEARCHLIGHTS,
RETTIE!

SUDDENLY THE LANTERN'S
EYES BECOME DAZZLING.



LAW' SAKES!
DEM SEARCH-
BEAM EYES
SLUTTINLY
SHOW UP
EVERYTHIN'!

IT'D LIKE
TO KNOW
HOW PAUL
RIGGED
THEM.



AH WAA! THE
EYES HAVE
SEEN US!

AY!!! THEY ARE BLINDING
LIKE THE RAYS
OF THE SUN!



PAUL! PAUL!
OPEN THE GATE!...
THERE'S A BUNCH
OF ARMED SAVAGES
READY TO
ATTACK US!



BOO!

WHOA DAR
HOSS! AH FEELS JEST
LIKE YOU DOES, BUT
WE AIN'T GOT NO
PLACE TO GO!

OH, PAUL
IS IT YOU?
THIS IS NO
TIME FOR
FOOLING!



I'M NOT FOOLING
NOTHER! I'M GOING TO
GIVE THOSE SAVAGES THE
SCARE OF THEIR LIVES...
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE
TO AVOID A FIGHT!

THE CRUSOES

PAUL SPEAKS IN THE SAVAGES' OWN LANGUAGE... LEARNED FROM BIFF AND BAH.

DROP YOUR SPEARS, LITTLE MEN... BEFORE I THROW MY HEAD AT YOU!

D-DON'T BELIEVE HIM... NOT EVEN A FIRE-EYED GIANT CAN LIVE WITHOUT HIS HEAD!

SUDDENLY THE HUGE LANTERN HEAD HURTTLES FORWARD...

AI! AI! THE HEAD! IT WILL CRUSH US!

... AND HANGS IN THE AIR JUST ABOVE THE CHIEF.

MERCY, TERRIBLE GIANT! DO NOT KILL!

GO THEN! LEAVE THIS ISLAND AND NEVER COME BACK... OR ELSE!...

TERROR-STRIKEN BY THIS NAMELESS HORROR, THE SAVAGES FLEE DOWN THE ROAD!

STILTS... AND A SHEET TO COVER THEM! BUT WHAT MADE THE JACK-O-LANTERN HEAD FLOAT IN THE AIR!

YES, TELL US, PAUL! I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST BLIFFING TILL I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

MAKING IT FLOAT WAS THE EASIEST PART OF ALL... THAT PAPER PUMPKIN-HEAD WAS A HOT-AIR BALLOON POWERED BY THREE LIGHTED CANDLE-STUBS... I HAD A HARD JOB TO HOLD IT DOWN!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH


Don Winslow
 OF THE **NAVY**
 F.V. MARTINEK

DON WINSLOW HAS DECENDED IN A DIVING BELL TO RESCUE THE SURVIVORS OF A CRIPPLED SUB.

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AHOY, BELOW-
YOU SAY
WINSLOW'S GOT
THE SUB'S HATCH
OPEN? HE'S GONE
DOWN INSIDE?



YES, SIR- AND NOW I
CAN HEAR HIM TALKING
TO SOMEBODY-



AFTER SHUTTING YOU
MEN INTO THE STERN
COMPARTMENT WHERE'D
OWL EYES GO? THERE'S
NO PLACE TO HIDE
ABOARD A- OH-OH!



?
YEH!
IT'S HIM!
IT'S OWL
EYES!



DEAD!
FROM LACK
OF AIR!
BUT THIS OXYGEN
FLASK- WHY DIDN'T HE
USE IT? THE GAUGE
STILL READS FULL!



JUMP'NG JUDAS! HERE'S
THE ANSWER! HE COULDN'T
GET THE VALVE OPEN!
IT'S JAMMED!



HIS SCHEME TO SNUFF OUT YOUR
LIVES AND SAVE HIS OWN WENT
HAYWIRE!
HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED!



DON WINSLOW



AND NOW
FOR A
MOMENT
OUR SCENE
SHIFTS ABOUT
TWO THOUSAND
MILES UP THE
ATLANTIC COAST
TO THE U. S.
NAVAL PRISON
AT PORTSMOUTH,
NEW
HAMPSHIRE



BOB AND BILL

THE SCOUT TWINS

BOB AND BILL, WHEN EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE
WERE CALLED IN AN UNDERGROUND LANDSLIDE—
AND CARRIED TO A STRANGE WORLD OF GIANTS
AND VERY TINY PEOPLE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT BRICE



BOB: THOSE BLACK CLOUDS ARE COMING UP FAST!

BILL: THERE'S A LOT OF RAIN IN THEM—AND WIND TOO!



THE STORM'S GOING TO HIT US!

QUICK—LOWER THE SAIL!

A STORM RISES—JUST AFTER BOB AND BILL HAVE TAKEN COMMAND OF THE CAPTURED PIRATE SHIP.

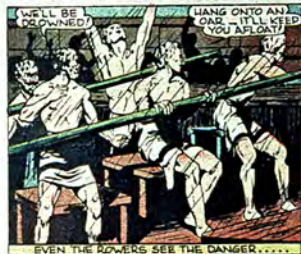


HERE COMES THE SAILING MASTER TO REPORT TO US!

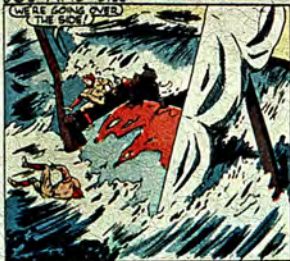
HE LOOKS WORRIED!

THE THREE-FOOT-HIGH LATONIANS ROW WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT.....

BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



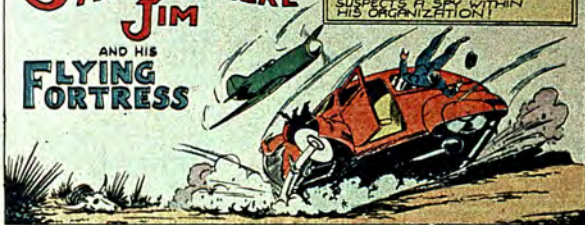
BOB AND BILL



STRATOSPHERE JIM

AND HIS
FLYING
FORTRESS

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SOUTH-WEST DESERT JIM HAS CAPTURED TWO GUNMEN WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS SECRET TELEVISION GUN SIGHT! JIM SUSPECTS A SNAKE WITHIN HIS ORGANIZATION!



JUST KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH! IN A MINUTE, THE FLYING FORTRESS WILL BE HERE—AND THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



SUDDENLY—JIM HEARS A WHIRR!



YEE-OH!!
A
RATTLER!!

NOW!



IT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST YOU GET IS A SPLIT IN THIS DOUBLE-HEADER, BUDDY!!

FLYING FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS

WHOEVER DROPPED THOSE PHOTOS OVERBOARD IS STILL IN THE PLANE! WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE HANGAR, I'LL GET HIM!



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANY SPIES IN THIS ORGANIZATION!



HOW DO YOU FIGURE ON CATCHING THEM, ONCE WE GET BACK?



THAT'S EASY, MISTER! WE AIN'T GOIN' BACK!



-SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT CATCHING HIM!



HOW THE BLAZES DID YOU GET OUT? I THOUGHT---



I'LL DO THE THINKIN' FROM NOW ON!

JUST TURN THIS PLANE AROUND AND HEAD BACK OVER THE DESERT!



BACK AGAIN? THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!

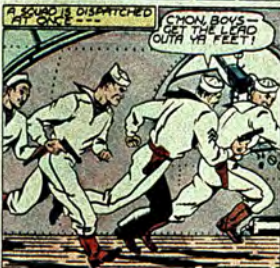
BESIDES -WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF GAS-WE'LL CRASH FOR SURE!



I CAN READ, BROTHER! AN' THAT GAS GAUGE IN FRONT OF YOU SAYS 'HALF FULL'.

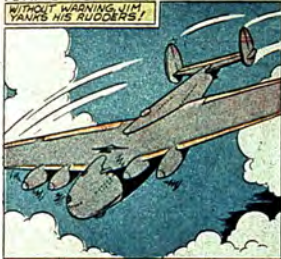


FLYING FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS

WITHOUT WARNING, JIM YANKS HIS RUCCERS!



JIM'S MEN RUSH IN!



THE BRAWL SPILLS INTO THE PASSAGEWAY—IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE GUNMEN, FIGHTING LIKE CORNERED RATS, ARE BEATEN INTO SUBMISSION!



SECURELY HANDCUFFED THE GUNMEN ARE LED BACK TO THE SHIP'S 'BRIG'



WHO WAS GUARDING THOSE MEN WHEN THEY ESCAPED?



I THINK IT WAS AL BARTON, SIR!

TAKE THE CONTROLS, HARRY. I'M GOING BACK AND SEE MR. BARTON!



OKAY JIM!

FLYING FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS

THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE FLYING FORTRESS HAS LANDED AT THE SECRET BASE HANGAR...

IF BARTON'S A SPY THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME EVIDENCE!

WONDER IF BARTON'S SUSPICIOUS JIM?

PITCH BLACK IN HERE - GUESS HE'S NOT IN NOW

AT THE INSTANT, THE LIGHT IS SWITCHED ON...

OH - BARTON, EH? NICE TACKLE!

OH! I'M SORRY, SIR, I THOUGHT YOU WERE THOSE TWO PRISONERS LOOSE AGAIN!

OH, DID YOU?

GUESS IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR PROWLING LIKE THIS, BARTON, BUT WE MUST SEARCH YOUR ROOM!

WE'LL SOON SEE WHETHER OR NOT I'M PROWLING ON THE RIGHT TRAIL!



FLYING FORTRESS

JIM AND HARRY MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH!



NOTHING IN THE TRUNK!

NOTHING IN THE DRAWERS!



AHA! THE KEYS TO THE ROOM WHERE THE PRISONERS WERE LOCKED! WHERE DID YOU GET THESE?



I--ER--CHUCK JORDAN GAVE THEM TO ME!

OH YEAH? SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO PIN SOMETHING ON JORDAN!



LOOK, JIM! A MINIATURE BELT BUCKLE CAMERA!

WELL-- I'LL BE!



SO THAT'S HOW YOU TOOK THOSE PHOTOS OF MY TELEVISION GUNSIGHT, EH BARTON?



LOOK OUT--JIM! GET HIM!



UGH!



WE'LL PUT HIM IN WITH HIS TWO CRONIES--AND WON'T THAT BE A HAPPY LITTLE GATHERING, I'LL BET NOT!

TO BE CONTINUED

ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY QUEEN, A HABITUAL LATE SLEEPER, IS ROTTED FROM HIS BED EARLY ONE MORNING BY HIS DAD, INSPECTOR RICHARD QUEEN, RUSHED THROUGH BROADWAY FIRST, KUSTLED INTO HIS HAT AND COAT, AND PUSHED THROUGH THE DOOR.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, DAD—WHY MUST I COME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS SO EARLY?

I'M JUST ASKING YOU FOR A LITTLE HELP—NEED YOUR OPINION ON "THE CLAYTON CASE." IS IT SUCH AN EXPERT TO HELP YOUR OLD MAN OUT ONCE IN A WHILE?



OKAY, DAD—I COME WILLINGLY BUT SLEEPILY.

GOOD MORNING.

MORNING, BLAKE.



YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO PUT THE ELECTRIC STONE IN YOUR CHAIR IN CASE YOU WANT SOME "PER WHALE" IN OUT?

NO THANKS—YOU'LL ONLY BE GONE A FEW HOURS AND I'LL BE ALL RIGHT UNTIL THEN—?



WELL—I HOPE MRS. CAROL GETS THE JOB TODAY.

IF SHE DOES—IT'S THANKS TO YOU, BLAKE—WE SURE NEED THE MONEY!

OH, IT WILL JUST BE TEMPORARY—YOUR PARALYSIS WILL PASS OFF SOON AND YOU'LL BE BACK AT WORK YOURSELF.

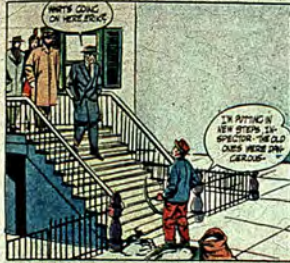


THAT'S RIGHT—THE DOCTORS SAY IT WILL PASS OFF JUST AS QUICKLY AS IT CAME—THE NERVES JUST NEED TIME TO HEAL.

IN THE MEANTIME—WITH BLAKE'S HELP—YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE BROADWINNER.



ELLERY QUEEN



AND SO ALL WEST IN DIFFER- ENT DIRECTIONS, INSTRUCTED BY THE SUPER- INTENDENT- YOU'D RETURN FOR AT LEAST FOUR HOURS-- ABOUT FIVE HOURS LATER THE QUEENS RETURN TO FROG ---



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN

LATER, SITTING BY THE WINDOW AND PONDERING OVER THE STRANGE NOTE, ELLERY AND THE INSPECTOR LOOK DOWN TO SEE...



LOOK! BLAKE AND MIK. CRIM. COME UP THE STREET TOGETHER - I'LL BET AN EMBROIDERED HAND OFF CRIM, IF CORRECT!

GOING HOME TOGETHER, EYE MAN!



I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, BLAKE. HOW DID YOU GET ABOUT THAT MURDER...

NEXT - OH - THE MURDER - THE MURDER - WOULD YOU MIND LEAVING ME?

NOT AT ALL...



YOU 'TALKED ME OUT OF AN LIFE SAVING, BANK 'D BAKE A FORTUNE! I WANT BACK MONEY AND I WANT GOT AN MEN! I WANT IT BACK NOW!

HOW CAN I GET IT BACK? I INVESTED IT FOR YOU WHEN THE STOCK GOES UP, YOU'LL MAKE YOUR MONEY!



DON'T COME NEAR ME! YOU SPEAK AN MEN AND I'M HADIN' YOU TO GET AT NOTHING TO GET IT BACK!

YOU DON'T TALK IF HE 'D THE BIT SUCCESS!



WHY YOU DREW!

WOH!



HEY! HEARD IT UP!

CRAB ERIC, DAD - I'LL GET BLAKE!



THAT'S ONLY A MILD GAZE OF WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET, BLAKE!

OH YES - WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

BOTH OF YOU GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS AND STOP ACTING LIKE NOODLES!



WAS HE IN HONG - WANG ERIC IS PLANNIN ON KILLIN' BLAKE - ONE THING IS BLAKE OF EITHER BLAKE'S PLANNIN ON KILLIN' SOMEBODY OR SOMEBOY'S PLANNIN ON KILLIN' MIK!

THAT BOUND UP IN A COMPLICATED PRO-SCENARIO WITH THE POLICE SO SIMPLE!

CHALLENGE TO THE READER!
AT THIS POINT ELLERY QUEEN HAD DISCOVERED THE VITAL CLUE WHICH TOLD HIM WHO THE POTENTIAL KILLER HE...
HAVE YOU FOUND IT?

?

ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN





SMOKEY STOVER



CLYDE BEATTY

by **TIM CHAMBERS**

Cap., 1940, by Fawcett Artists, Inc.



HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON RIVER, CLYDE BEATTY ENGAGES THREE NEW HELPERS AND AN AMPHIBIAN AIRPLANE.



WHERE ARE YOU AND COCKNEY GOING IN THE CANOE, MR BEATTY?



WE'RE HEADED FOR THE RIO NEGRO TO TRAP ONE OF THOSE BIG SPOTTED CATS--- IF WE HAVE ANY LUCK WE'LL NEED YOU AND THE PLANE, CON.

O.K. I'LL FINISH WORK ON THE MOTOR TONIGHT... WHERE SHALL I MEET YOU?



YOU CAN FLY DOWN TO THE RIO NEGRO ABOUT NOON TOMORROW-- AND BRING ROPE'S BIG ENOUGH TO HOIST A FULL GROWN TIGER INTO THE PLANE!



DID YOU SEE A TIGER, MR BEATTY? I'VE NEVER HEARD THERE WAS ANY TIGERS IN SOUTH AMERICA!

THERE AREN'T. THE NATIVES CALL A JAGUAR A TIGRE. THEY'RE NOT REAL TIGERS, BUT THEY'RE ALMOST AS BIG AND FIERCE.



THIS IS WHERE THE NEGRO JOINS THE MAINSTREAM. THE INDIANS SAY THE JUNGLE'S FULL OF JAGUAR TRACKS.

I'LL HOPE WE DON'T WALK INTO A BLOODY 'BERD OF THE BEASTS!

CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



H'I SY, TOMAS.... SUPPOSIN A BALLY TIGRE 'EARS THIS PIG SQUEALIN' AND COMES AFTER US I WED BEST LOOK SHARP!

NO GOOD TO LOOK, SENOR! IF TIGRE JUMP WE NO SEE HIM UNTIL TOO LATE!



CLYDE'S HAIL RINGS OUT JUST IN TIME TO HALT THE JAGUAR'S LEAP



H'I, COCKNEY! YOU'VE BROUGHT THE PIG JUST IN TIME -- THE TRAP'S ALL READY!

I FANCY IT WON'T BE EMPTY FOR LONG. H'I 'AVE A UNCH THERE'S JAGUARS CLOSE BY!



CLYDE PUTS THE LITTLE WILD PIG INTO THE BAIT COMPARTMENT OF THE JAGUAR TRAP.

IN YOU GO, PIGGY! YOU'LL GET A BAD SCARE WHEN THE TIGRE COMES IN --- BUT HE CAN'T HARM YOU



IT'S SIMPLE, COCKNEY. WHEN THE BIG CAT CLAWS AT THE BAIT COMPARTMENT THE PIG'S DOOR OPENS AND THE BIG CAGE DOOR DROPS AUTO-MATICALLY.

IT'S CLEVER AND NO MISTYKE! BUT AIN'T YOU TYKIN' TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR A RIDDY PIG, MR. BEATTY?!



IF THAT PIG HELPS US CATCH ONE OF THE KILLERS, HE'LL HAVE EARNED HIS FREEDOM, WONT HE?!

STRIKE ME PINK! H'I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!!

CLYDE BEATTY



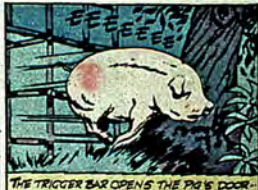
TIRED BY THEIR DAY'S WORK THE HUNTERS CAMP BY THE RIVER ...



THROUGH THE HOT JUNGLE NIGHT CLYDE'S PARTY SLEEPS UNDISTURBED



THE FEMALE ENTERS AND CLAWS SAVAGELY AT THE HIDDEN TRIGGER BAR ...



THE TRIGGER BAR OPENS THE PIG'S DOOR ...

... AND GLAWS SHUT THE BIG DOOR.



THE TRAPPED BEAST RAVES USELESSLY AT THE BARS

CLYDE BEATTY

THE MALE CAT TRIES AT THE
TUGH POLES TRYING TO RIP
THEM LOOSE ---



FAILING TO FREE HIS MATE THE
MALE LEAPS TO THE CAGE TOP

EARLY IN THE MORNING CLYDE
AND HIS HELPERS RETURN --



MIRA, PATRON!
THE CAGE DOOR
IS SHUT DOWN!

WE'VE
CAUGHT
SOMETHING!
EVERYBODY
STAY BACK!

GO HEASY, MR.
BEATTY, YOU
AVEN'T
ANYTHING
BUT THAT
RUDDY
POP-GUN!

MY
TRAINER'S
WHIP IS
A LOT
BETTER
THAN A
GUN YOU'LL
SEE!



OH-OH! HERE'S
MR. JAGUAR HIMSELF
WE MUST HAVE
TRAPPED HIS MATE!



THAT CHANGES
YOUR TUNE,
OLD BOY!



A STING-NOSE DOES
MAKE THE TEARS
COME, KITTY.. BUT
I'VE GOT ANOTHER
SURPRISE FOR YOU!



CLYDE BEATTY



COCKNEY! BRING THE WIRE LOOPS --- CUCK!

EXPERTLY CLYDE SNARES THE BRUTE'S HIND FEET WITH HIS WHIP LASH ---



KEEP THIS WHIP LASH TAUT, COCKNEY! WHILE I NOOSE HIS FOREPAWS.

O.K. / BUT TYKE CARE HE DON'T SWIPE YOU WHILST YOU'RE DOIN' IT!



NASTY TENDER YOU'VE GOT, SPOTS --- BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!



I'VE GOT HIM, COCKNEY! SLIP THAT OTHER WIRE OVER HIS HIND FEET AND UNWIND MY WHIP.

RIGHTO! / H'IT'S SIMPLE AS CATCHIN' A BLOOMIN' MOUSE CAT --- WHEN YOU KNOW DV.!



NOW WE'LL BUILD A SECOND CAGE --- I DON'T WANT TO KEEP OLD SPOTS WIRED UP LONGER THAN NECESSARY.

BLUNEY! / H'I NEVER SAW ANYONE SO TENDER, EARTED TOWARD H'ANIMALS AS YOU ARE, MR. BEATTY!



WHILE THE CAGE IS BEING BUILT, YOU GO BACK TO THE RIVER AND LOOK FOR THE PLANE, COCKNEY. WE WANT TO GET BOTH JAGUARS ON THE STEAMER BEFORE NIGHT.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

SMOKEY STOVER

WRITTEN BY THE BILL HOLMES HEARTH OFFICE
DRAWN BY BILL HOLMES

OH, BOY - THE CHIEF'S
NEW SKIS - I'VE BEEN
DREAMING TO TRY THEM
OUT ON THAT SKI
JUMP BACK OF
HIS HOUSE!



I'LL JUST TAKE ONE JUMP
AND PUT 'EM BACK - HELL
NEVER KNOW THE DIFF!



IF HE KNEW I BORROWED
HIS 70 DOLLAR SKIS HE'D
KNOCK ME COLDER THAN
AN ESKIMO'S EARS!



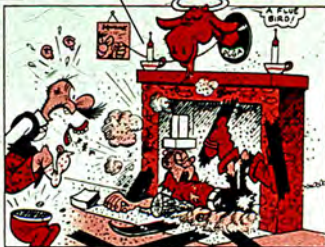
WHEEEEE!



I'M IN A WHIRL
WITH A DELTA
POO GIE!



GRASH!



OWN THIS SADDLE GUN!

LIGHTNING-LEADER INVENTION!
Takes 20 magazines—pump in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—takes about 1000 times without reloading—new!

GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!

Those glimmer golden-banded barrels—40 flutes on face—your look might just—kinda like the real gold—used to prosper for our West. You'll be proud of 'em.

CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE!

Grab this baby, sub-carbined, full length, hand hold—'it'—wood just "hangs" from your hand and holds the Carbine ready as a rock!

SOME SIGHTS, PARTNER!

It's a handsome "Silver" Range or Adjustable Double-Trigger Rear Sight for long range—lower in for short. Also three small notch for target work—large notch for snap-shooting. And my "Daisy" made it "Sweet sight" GOLDEN, COLORED to remind you of the Golden West!

HERE'S A WESTERN SADDLE GUN FELLERS, THAT'S REAL!



Shoot THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEWICK INC. N. Y.

Yes sir, Partner! This beautiful RED RYDER CARBINE is chuck full of western saddle gun features cowboy like. There's a carbine style quick-action cocking lever—genuine Western Swivel Carbine Ring—a pistol grip stock—Golden front sight—and all the other features Red Ryder shows you in this ad. Get your hands on one—lift one—shoot it—in its ad. Get you'll agree it's the most realistic Saddle Carbine you ever saw "Out West." Examine it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store—and buy it! If your Dealer is out of stock, let us Daisy Dealer near you, send us \$2.95—we'll rush your 1000 Shot Red Ryder Carbine to you post-paid in beautiful 1 color carton. Duty added in Canada on all Daisies.

only \$2.95

FREE CATALOG and SHOOTING MANUAL

Send quick for your Free Official Red Ryder Shooting Manual, "Shooting Straight" and 14-page performance Catalog featuring all Daisies from \$1 to \$4.50. Write today!

MY BRAND ON STOCK!

Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name—in pictures of me with my horse "Thunder"—branded on its stock!

HANDGUN ON SADDLE WITH LEATHER THONG ME BETHEM BOYS LIKE SWIVEL CARBINE RING, TOO!

- OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISIES

PUMP GUN—10 shot bore
1222 repeater. Take down model. \$4.50

BUCK JONES SPECIAL—10 shot Outdoor Model. Gun case included. \$3.50

100 SHOT CARBINE—with Lightning Leader invention. Adjustable Double Trigger Rear Sight. \$2.50

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BIG HUNTS
See us at shooting in Dairy King At \$1.95 At \$1.95 At \$1.95 5¢

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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4711 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH,

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